SUNCOT

No. 4

AN EDUCATIONAL, CULTURAL, AND SCIENTIFIC PUBLICATION, FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF NUDISM

SUNCOT NO.4

IN THIS ISSUE:

ZORO FRIENDSHIP WEEK '64 ..... George McKinley 5
I WAS A DIPSOMANIAC ..... Mrs. Mary Armstrong ..... P. 13
THOSE NAKED SAVAGES AREN'T ..... Joseph C. Salak ..... P. 27
YOU TOO CAN AFFORD NUDISM ..... Ruth E. Renkel ..... P. 44
DIRECTORY OF NUDIST RESORTS ..... P. 54
PRINCIPLES & STANDARDS ..... P. 58

Under proper safeguards and for the public weal we desire:

1. *The elimination from our statute books of all legislation that makes social nudism per se an illegal thing.*
2. *The setting aside of at least some part of our public beaches, parks, picnic grounds and recreation centers where nudists may freely live the natural life in the open.*
3. *The constitutional right of a free press to print text and unaltered pictures which decently and naturally represent nudism as it is actually being lived and practiced.*

Today, these demands represent the rightful desire of a minority; tomorrow they may represent the priceless heritage of the majority.

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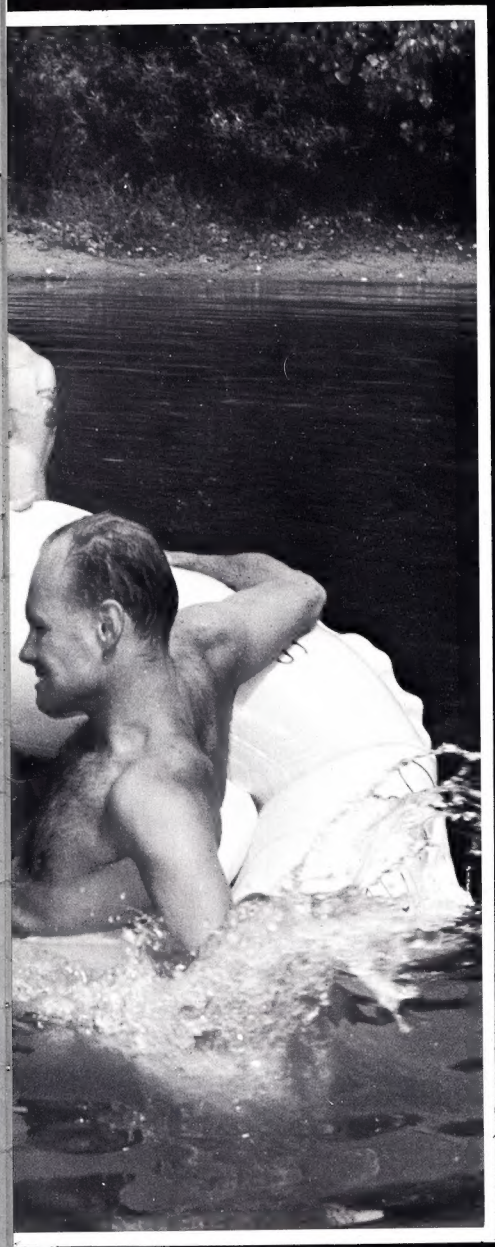
ZORO Friendship Week 1964

Story by George McKinley
Photos by Michael Leonard

Last year, the "L" of "L & M" wrote of the nudist satellite "Friendship" and predicted it was firmly in orbit for years to come. How prophetic that statement was. But he failed to point out several important points. Many of this nations most advanced communications satellites are still orbiting old Terra, but have lost their voice or having served their purpose, refuse to stop "talking." U.S. scientists have complained that the mass of repetitious data flowing from the older satellite experiments in fact are interfering with the newer, more sophisticated experiments. Not so with satellite "Friendship." Each year it reaches it's apogee at a spot directly over Zoro Nature Park, Roselawn, Indiana, and each year it's signals come in stronger and clearer. It seems that it's solar batteries are more efficient than those the N.S.S.A. uses! It's message echos and re-echos among the glens of every nudist resort and park in this and other countries. Friendship; Friendship; Harmony; Harmony!

This years' "Friendship Week" wasn't the exception. It would appear that the "Friendship" satellite is a cousin of "Tiros" for it beeped out a message of clear weather and sunny skies for an auspicious beginning! Zoro's artisans again displayed and sold their objects de art to supplement the park's improvement fund. The juniors sold many white elephants and used the proceeds to purchase and put in place a new trampoline. They also raffled off a small-sized dog-eared "elephant" pup. This little pup appeared bowled over by all this atten-

Michael Leonard/Zoro



tion. Why he even was pressured into giving his impression of a leading artist's newest creation! He received more than a fair share of attention from one brace of beauties. (And they call this a dogs life!) The children promptly headed for the water and mama and papa were hard put to keep them from going in shoes and all.

As usual, there was one who didn't seem to appreciate the idea of intruding into Neptune's domain. Zoro's new inter-com system got a work-out but a non-electronic wire-tapper got into the act. Oh, well, two heads are better than one. Zoro's "Man-Mountain" Knapp muscled in to remind all concerned about the new addition of a shaded area to the magnificent "Ursula Pool." He was determined to

hammer home the point that Zoro, like nudism continues to make improvements for better living. There wasn't any organized sports competition this year, but the volleyball court, horseshoe pits, ping-pong tables, Tether Ball, and other arenas devoted to sports got a stiff workout.

Sunday the coronation of King, Queen, Prince, Princess, Jr. Prince and Jr. Princess was accomplished with all due pomp and ceremony. The traditional march through the wading pool, led by the pixiesh Alois, was a welcome respite from the broiling heat. Tim and Eunice earned the well deserved accolade as King and Queen of Friendship Week. Madeline and Charles donned the regalia of Princess and Prince, and Sandy and Colt, rounded out the royal family as Jr. Princess and Prince. The senior royal couple with their loyal subjects typified the spirt of Friendship Week. Why these people would turn the world upside-down to promote harmony and fellowship. This theme was echoed by young and old alike. Hi-jinks as always seem to go with high spirits and high hopes, and King Tim bagged a beauty whose curiosity led to her downfall. One femme fatale tried to revive the hula-hoop craze but belatedly decided she had outgrown such things.

The annual "YOU MUST BEEN A BEAUTIFUL BABY"° contest was held. Winners were Ray and Sue of Zoro. They were each presented with a $25.00 Savings Bond by Michael Leonard.

The warm sand and hot sun proved too tempting to resist

for others. The hot sun has wilted the flowers from the coronation, and Sunday's day draws to a close, but the fellowship and harmony remains alive and strong. Satellite "Friendship" continues its orbit to the perigee of Winters' rigorous weather. Like the wilted flowers, it has served again its purpose and like all good soldiers gone to rest, we salute you. Its signals may fade for a while but next July, from the 5th to the 11th, its batteries re-charged, it will once more broadcast a message full of meaning to a nudist world. And please note that change in date. It's the week following 4th of July. Alois Knapp decided this would be less in confliction with other convention dates held throughout NUDIST LAND USA, during the summer months.

OLIVE DELL RANCH / JIM CAMERON

I WAS A DIPSOMANIAC

By Mary Armstrong

ZORO NATURE PARK

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EDITOR'S NOTE: Recently we published the true story of a juvenile delinquent who overcame her problems and became a model nudist mother. The response to that article from our readers was sympathetic and understanding. Therefore we are publishing the true story of Mrs. Mary Armstrong. It is not a pleasant story. It is . . . but find out for yourself.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

Without moving my head I shoved my eyes toward the wall clock. It was two o'clock in the afternoon! I pulled at the covers trying to flee back into unconsciousness but it was impossible. My throat was bone dry and felt like it was full of feathers. It was as if a sledge hammer was pounding at the back of my head. Somehow I managed to get out of the bed and into a robe. I staggered to the bottle on the dresser. I just couldn't help myself! I didn't bother with ice or orange juice. I took a long drink and almost choked on it. The tears came to my eyes and I held on to the edge of the dresser. How long until the shakes would go away, I asked myself. How long? Dear God, what has happened to me? Didn't they say you were a confirmed alcoholic when you *had* to have a drink in the morning?

I could feel the vodka induced warmth coursing through my shivering body. Finally I went into the kitchen, put on a pot of coffee and fixed myself a screwdriver. I glanced at the calendar as I sipped the drink. It was exactly two years and one month since William had died of a heart attack . . . coronary thrombosis, Dr. Keller had called it. I guess now I understand what all middle aged women go through when they lose their husbands! William was too young to die. He was only 47 years old. It was a terrifying nightmare . . . I had paced up and down the hospital corridor and it was all over by the time my daughter Anne had got there with her new husband from New Orleans. She looked at my ashen face and she knew. She stayed with me for a month; she made all the funeral arrangements; she comforted me; she was wonderful. Yes, she asked me to come to New Orleans and live with her and Ralph. I visited for a week but I could see that it wouldn't work out . . . all they had was a tiny apartment. I had come back to Sherman Oaks in California.

Oh! I had tried! How hard I had tried. I threw myself into charity activties. There was the flower show for crippled children, the milk fund drive, the rummage sale, the church bazaar. I just wouldn't stop. If there was nothing to keep me on the run I'd invent something. I couldn't think about the loneliness inside, the desperate emptiness. *There just wasn't anyone anymore.* William was gone, Anne was in New Orleans and my only son had been killed in South Vietnam in 1963. South Vietnam. Where was that? On some strange planet next to Mars? Yes, my whole life had been family. I had lived, loved for my family and now . . . NOW . . . the loneliness . . . the emptiness . . . I finished the screwdriver and poured myself a cup of coffee, black. I closed my eyes. I didn't want to look at the house . . . at the rooms that were filled with the memories of laughter, love and yes, tears . . . of all the years of DOING . . . of falling in love, of marrying, of having William's children, watching them grow and now . . . why? Why?

(Continued on next page)

ZORO NATURE PARK

ZORO NATURE PARK

THE BRUINS

How had my drinking started? It was about six months after my William had died . . . it was a church bazaar and I was behind a counter selling hats and ties . . . it was early afternoon and I had taken three aspirin but my head felt like it had a buzzsaw inside. Connie, a divorcee, with vibrant red hair and a brilliant smile moved toward me. "Have you had a break yet, Mary?"

"We're short of volunteers. I . . ."

"Don't be a sil. Susan will watch your booth. C'mon. I'll go with you . . . I'm famished."

We sat in a booth and I kept my hands on my lap because they were shaking. I couldn't understand what the matter was with me.

"Two double screwdrivers! Easy on the orange juice." Connie ordered.

"But I don't drink!" I protested.

"Don't be a drag, honey! You need a drink . . . a pick-me-up. You're too tense!"

"But I just . . ."

"Don't be so old fashioned. I've been drinking for years. All civilized people have a cocktail at lunch and dinner. Where have you been?"

I took a tentative sip. "Why, it tastes just like orange juice!"

"You're not very hip, honey! The trouble with gals like you — you think your life is over just because you've turned forty. Don't get me wrong, honey, I'm right around there myself, but what is life if you can't have a swinging ball? Life is not a vale of tears — not for me, anyway!"

I took another sip. My hands stopped shaking and my headache was gone. I hadn't felt this relaxed since my William had passed away. The church bazaar was over the following day. It got so that Connie would call me up every day. "Cocktails at Bruuchi's, honey?"

It got so I would build my day around cocktails

Sunny Haven Recreation Park

ZORO NATURE PARK

Fern Hills Club

Buck's-Kin Lodge

with Connie. After awhile I gave up my charity work. I'd spend the day shopping or at the beauty parlor and the rest of the time I'd be fussing around, getting ready for the cocktail hour.

"You look marvelous, Mary! Not a day over thirty-five. If only your husband could see you . . ."

"Please, Connie . . ."

"I'm sorry . . . I didn't mean . . ."

It was about a month later that Connie broke the news to me. "Darling, he's a doll baby — in the toy business — from New York City — Manhattan — loads and loads of you-know-what and he popped the question . . ." She held out her left hand and I could see the blue white diamond sparkling . . .

Sparkling . . . sparkling . . . and that was the last I saw of Connie. I couldn't . . . I wouldn't go to Bruuchi's alone. I'll never forget the first time I walked into the liquor store on the corner and bought a bottle of vodka and a quart of orange juice. I'll never forget as long as I live.

The black coffee tasted odd. I looked at the bottle of vodka. It was empty. I must order another bottle. Just as I reached for the phone it rang. It was Anne, calling from New Orleans. "Mom?"

"Yes, darling?"

"Guess what — Ralphie has to come out to L.A. with his boss — it's a big deal for a sub-contract from one of the aircraft companies — his boss is coming with him — with that big house right near — could you put them up?"

Dear God, I thought. My son-in-law and his boss. They would be sure to find out about me. And . . . my darling Anne would find out that her mother was a hopeless drunk. "But Anne . . ."

There was a pause. "Is there anything wrong. I can't come myself. If . . . ?

"No. There's nothing wrong . . . nothing. When will they arrive?"

"It's been a hurry up deal. Tomorrow night. They'll rent a car at the airport."

"Fine! Fine!"

I felt as if my stomach were full of ice watet. I went into the bedroom and stared at myself in the mirror. I was amazed that I didn't look worse. I made an appointment at the beauty parlor and vowed I'd stop drinking . . . at least until my son-in-law and his boss left. I knew I couldn't do THAT to my daughter. But it was easier said than done. In a few hours my hands began to shake and I just had to have a drink. I tried desperately to keep busy. I cleaned the house . . . ordered food . . . made out a menu . . . anything I could think of . . . anything.

I finished a drink just as I heard them pull into the driveway. It was so nice to have family in the house. Ralph had a big, friendly smile on his face and when he hugged me I turned away so he couldn't smell my breath. I had a big turkey dinner ready for them.

"It's . . . it's like old times," I said over dessert and coffee.

Mr. Armstrong leaned back in his chair. "You're

SERGE JACQUES /FRANCE

GEO. DuBOIS

a fine cook, Mrs. Wright, plus being awful good looking!"

I couldn't help but flush with pleasure. Dan Armstrong was a fine looking man with a deep tan that contrasted with his pure white hair. "As good as your wife?"

"Yes . . . as good. However, she passed away four years ago. I haven't had a meal like this since then."

"I'm sorry."

I got through the week somehow and then they were gone. But it wasn't for long. A month later the phone rang and it was Dan Armstrong. "I had to jet out here by myself and I'm terribly lonely. How about dinner?"

"That would be nice," I lied. I felt the fear clutch at my heart. Why wouldn't he leave me alone?

"Pick you up at seven."

I was careful with my make-up as I was beginning to get dark circles under my eyes. But Dan didn't seem to notice. "I'm going to set up a regional office out here, Mary. I'll be back in a week to work out all the details. I'm going to put Ralph in charge of the New Orleans office but I wouldn't be surprised if you had them young folks out here in sunny California in about a year."

"That would be wonderful," I said through tense lips. It seemed that nothing mattered now . . . only my keeping my terrible secret.

And Dan Armstrong was back in a week. I guess I should've known . . . I guess I should've seen the

JIM CAMERON / THE SWALLOWS

WERNER LOGES/GERMANY

SAMAGATUMA

look in his eyes . . . but I was so obsessed about hiding my drinking that I couldn't see anything. We were sitting in the living room.

"I've got something to tell you, Mary."

"Yes?"

"Ah . . . I don't know how to say this. Ever since my wife died I always said I'd never marry again but . . . well . . . sometimes things just happen. I'm in love with you."

"You're what?"

"I'm in love with you, Mary. Are you so surprised? Can't you see? I want you to be my wife!"

I couldn't believe my ears. Dan Armstrong in love with me? It was too sudden . . . too much . . . I didn't know what to say . . . what to do. I was speechless.

"It isn't necessary to say anything, Mary. First, I want to tell you something . . . something about myself. After my wife died I didn't know what to do with myself. I was so lonely . . . so empty inside. I began to drink and when I say drink I mean

ZORO

Sunshine Park

DR. SCHULTZE NAUMBURG

drink. At night I would drink myself into numbness until I fell asleep . . . nothing in the world mattered to me anymore. Then one day some friends, a family, invited me to a resort . . . it was a different kind of resort . . . it was a nudist camp where . . ."

"A what?" I thought I was going out of my mind. Was I having a dipsomaniac's nightmare?

"A nudist camp, Mary. I wish I could explain it to you, Mary. I'm a nudist . . . what they call a social nudist. I found out that I really *wasn't empty* inside . . . that other people did care about me — away from the business world. Like, heck, at the resort one day I baby sat for a couple while they were playing volleyball. Their little boy — he hugged me and I felt I belonged with my bare feet in the good earth. Gosh! Mary! I feel like an idiot. I don't know how to explain it but . . ."

"Would you please leave? I don't know . . ."

THE SWALLOWS

"Mary. I do know about you but it doesn't matter. I love you."

I grabbed at the chair, "You know WHAT?"

He reached over and took my hand. "I know what you're going through . . . all alone . . . I know what . . ."

"I don't want to talk about it . . . please."

He stood up. "But you've got to talk about it. Don't you see, Mary? I went through the same thing you did! I almost ended up a hopeless alcoholic. But it's different now! I don't really know if it was nudism. I guess the word doesn't mean a thing . . . it's people! People! Since I joined a nudist club I've become closer to people . . . I'm interested in their problems . . . they're interested in me. Maybe it's when people take off their clothes they become honest . . . I don't know. I'm not a psychologist. I'm a businessman. Maybe in not being ashamed of my body I'm not ashamed of my mind . . . maybe social nudism allows me to like people . . . heck . . . I love you . . . I love you, Mary:"

"What—what do you mean . . . you went through the same thing I did?"

"Look, Mary, I know about your drinking. I saw you with a bottle in your bedroom. The only reason I'm telling you—"

"Please leave . . ."

"Not until I finish what I have to say. I know you're not really an alcoholic. It's just that you're lonely. I want you to marry me. And . . . I want you to give social nudism a chance. Don't say anything now . . . just try and keep an open mind and think about it."

SILVER HILL CLUB

SERGE JACQUES / Ile Du Levant

Then he was gone. I threw myself on the bed. I lay there for a long time and the fragmented thoughts hit at my brain . . . Dan loved me . . . social nudism . . .baby sitting . . . naked . . . he knew . . . what . . . what . . . I finally fell asleep,

The next morning I found the nudist magazines in a manila envelope on the coffee table. A note was pinned to one of them.

> I'll be back in a couple of days. I wish you would read these magazines so you can get a better idea of what nudism is all about. I love you with all my heart.
>
> DAN.

I opened one of the magazines. The first photo was a family picture. Of course they were all naked. For some strange reason the picture tugged at my heart. They all looked so happy. I spent all day reading and re-reading the articles. I read how nudism was based on family life. I read articles by doctors, and sociologists and psychologists and by nudists themselves and I was surprised that I didn't have the ice water inside me. It seemed that suddenly the fear was starting to leave me. I couldn't help thinking of Dan and the look of love on his face, in his light blue eyes and I knew that Dan Armstrong wasn't empty . . . he was full of love.

He came back the next day. But I knew that I had to be honest with myself. "I won't marry you until I'm no longer a — a drunk." It seemed that once I had said the word it was half the battle. The following month I went to a nudist club with Dan. I didn't take off my clothes but no one seemed to mind. I could see that everything Dan had said was true. I took off my clothes on my third visit and as if by magic a curly headed two year old jumped up on my lap, pressing his warm baby flesh against me. And it was then that *I realized how difficult it was to explain to the non-nudist the wonder of social nudism . . . to feel the earth . . . to feel warm baby flesh . . . to be . . . yes, to be.*

Drinking? I didn't even have to fight it. The problem just disappeared. Anne and Ralph came out for the wedding and a year later they moved to Los Angeles. And now . . . I'm a proud grandmother with a two year old . . . a tow headed two year old who is always rubbing his warm baby flesh against mine. And Dan . . . he's a wonderful man and husband and I love him with all my heart.

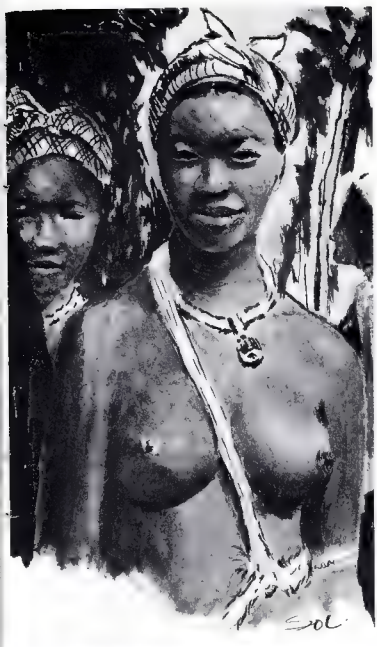
What else is there to say? Well, don't get me wrong. I still drink but it is a social drink. Just like my nudism . . . social. ●

FREE SUNSHINE BEACH CLUB

WERNER LOGES/GERMANY

John Basham/Zoro

JIM CAMERON

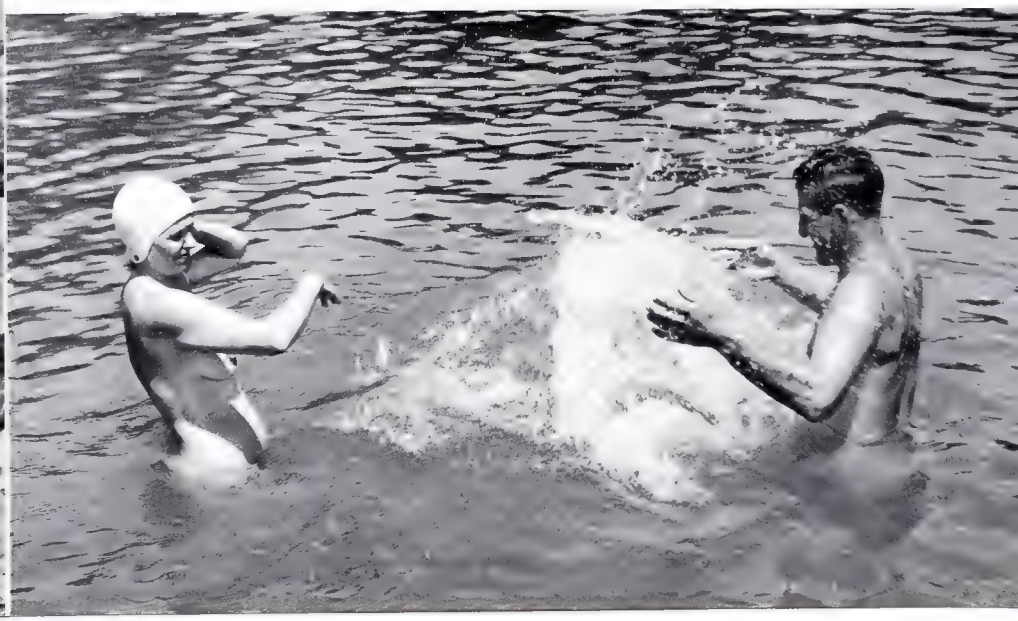


THOSE NAKED SAVAGES AREN'T

By Joseph Charles Salak

THE BELGIAN CONGO, an area of nearly a million square miles with vast untouched natural resources is one of the least known territories in the world. Its people colorful, their wild ritual dances fascinating, polygamy startling and cannibalism frightening and their cultural evolution still a very gradual process.

Within the past few years hunters returning from there report time is near when the only wild animals will be those secured in govern-



JOHN BASHAM / ZORO NATURE PARK

ment protected areas. Other than this the fabulous Congo is still full of mystery and superstition. To its primitive inhabitants everything is mysterious except what they have learned from tradition and accepted as natural. He knows that everyone has to die but if death comes from any other cause except old age, hunger and small-pox (with which he is familiar) then he believes the evil-eye is responsible. He believes in some nebulous fashion that the existence of a human being is not exhausted in his life on earth but he leaves it at that without trying to analyze it further. He does not know why it rains — or cares — the fact that it does is sufficient. By the same reasoning he goes naked because he was born that way. To him it is immoral to wear clothing. Once you know these black people you feel civilization is barbarous for these savages have an attachment for the land they live on that is almost holy. Because of that one feels it's the exploiters who are barbarians, unprinicpled and destructive.

It is extremely difficult for the inexperienced white man to understand the thinking of the Congo savage. Their dances do give some insight into their mode of thought. These dances, sacred and erotic in origin, seldom witnessed by outsiders take place in the depths of the forest at the start of the rainy season when the soil is fertilized anew. The savages, completely naked and painted, dance for hours to the strains of tom-toms. They consume large quantities of pompe until they become exhausted

MICHAEL LEONARD /Zoro

or helplessly intoxicated. The savage girls participating are conscious of their beauty but having no clothes to remove can hardly be called exhibitionists. Nevertheless at tribal dances they do revel in their pulchritude. In keeping with the fertility significance the dance leads to sexual orgies which is perfectly natural to the performers and no one is offended except an occasional wall-flower. There are other dances which with their magic presumably give the man enough energy to make love every night and all night. This isn't easy in a country where the temperature often gets in the evening as cool as 100 degrees. A man with such desires, psychiatrists tell us, is a very sick man. The reader undoubtedly will instantly think, "I should be so sick."

The civilized conception of morality is open to debate when one weighs the naturalness of the naked Congo savage against that of, well, Admiral Horatio Nelson for example. This hero of Trafalgar openly lived with the beautiful Lady Hamilton in her London house with the full consent of her aged husband. Lady Hamilton, the former Emma, daughter of a blacksmith, had been the mistress of half a dozen London gentlemen before she was 21. Her last lover "sold" her to Sir William Hamilton, diplomat of the King of Naples where she met Nelson. Last year Britain, after a century and a half, commemorated the 200th anniversary of the birth of Nelson and officially forgave him his love life and unveiled a plaque to Lady Hamilton on the very house where he enjoyed her charms.

OLIVE DELL RANCH

ZORO

The savages have their own reasons for everything they do even murder. All are perfectly logical and legal according to their ancient local traditions. Consider cannibalism with its deep judicial roots. They eat human flesh when an enemy is killed; they devour those who are sacrificed because of physical imperfections or a disablement. Victims of a feud or death sentence also become the main dish of the evening meal. Economy is another reason for cannibalism when slaves are killed usually those who refuse to work.

The tribes in the Ubangi valleys are gourmets when it comes to enjoying the excellent savour of human flesh. They fatten their slaves and after killing them soak the corpses in brine to make the flesh tender. A woman found guilty of adultery also becomes food. Her deceived husband has first choice of eating the most

SERGE JACQUES (Centre Helio-Marin)

GEO. DuBOIS

Lee Edmunds/Oakdale

ZORO NATURE PARK

SAMAGATUMA

LEE EDMUNDS

desirable parts, her uterus and breasts, because they represent the seats of heredity and fertility.

Although cannibalism has been reduced drastically in the Congo and the white man is no longer threatened by that danger the practice has not disappeared entirely.

The Congo savage used to run about naked (many still do) until civilization clothed him. The missionaries introduced clothing by first covering the nakedness of poor orphan children. The savages were shocked because covering the body was a natural taboo with them. But when nothing happened to the children, little by little they allowed themselves to be persuaded to cover their own limbs. Women who were never free with their charms when naked now sold their bodies in order to buy printed cotton cloth to wrap around their torso. Thus the taboo of clothing was lifted with both good and bad results. Cannibalism was also condemned as taboo by the missionaries and accepted by the tribal chiefs who then enforced it.

It is not at all unusual even today for a naked native boy to work many months just to buy a pair of bright blue trousers and a crimson shirt of artificial silk. Proudly he will wear the outfit, feeling now he is civilized and no longer a savage. Clothed, he has reached his goal, and so he refuses to work any longer, his unconscious resistance to authority. He

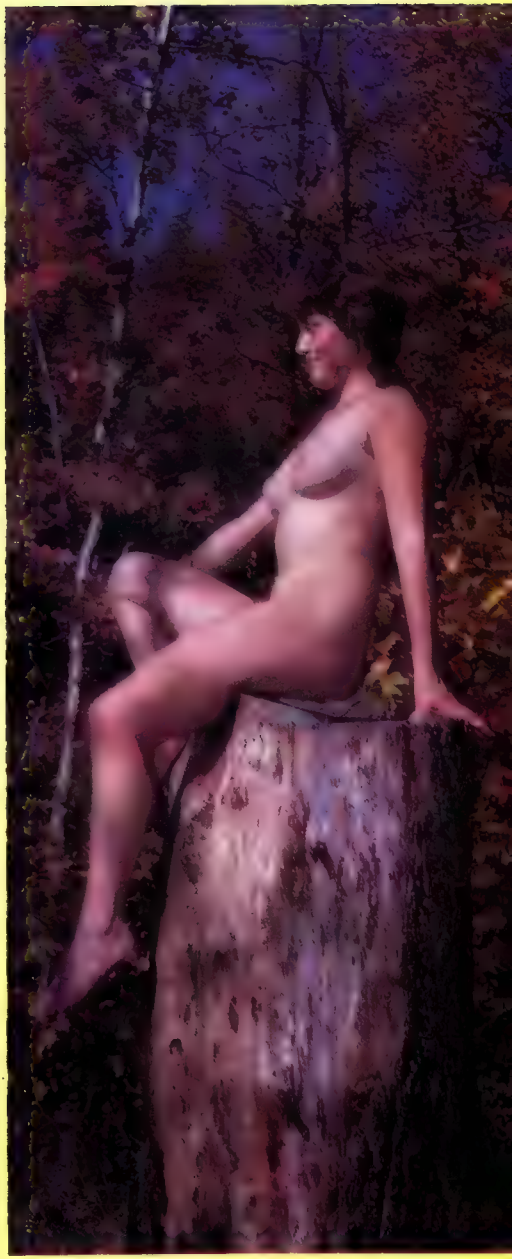
will wear the new clothes until they are completely in rags and when they no longer cling to his body he will let them fall to the ground and walk away naked as he was a year or so ago.

Another taboo is the pregnant woman or the new mother. This too, for a good reason. The Bantu mother suckles her child up to the second and third year. Should a new conception start it would dry up the flow of milk and expose the nursing child to intestinal trouble which is almost always fatal in the Congo. This sexual taboo does not exist among the Watussi where abundant milk is available from their cows thus permitting early and safe weaning of children from their mother's breast.

There is one phenomenon among the Congo savages which has been repeatedly observed. They can only reproduce themselves when their lives are happy. But when they live and work among the civilized white man their birth rate decreases noticeably.

Clothing and educating the savage civilizes him only on the surface. He will learn to read and write. As a teen-ager striving for an independent status he is disturbed by strong sexual impulses so he secures work with some European trader in the vicinity and then marries. Now he becomes a bundle of youthful energy

JIM CAMERON



RICHARD SHAW / CEDAR WATERS

and as soon as he puts aside enough money he will run off, buy a new wife and throw the first one out in the street, thus reverting to his original savage nature. His rejected wife under the influence of civilization rushes to court, he is arrested and jailed which to him is considered an honor and increases his prestige in the tribe because in jail he is fed and sheltered much better than he would be in the jungle.

Many savages after being educated by the missionaries have gone to Europe to study law. They return to the Congo and use their knowledge to cheat their neighbors in business deals in such a legal manner that they can not be found guilty. So it is that when the white man interferes with the mode of living of these naked savages disaster usually results.

Criminality among the savages of the Congo is of a smaller proportion than are to be found among the white race when judged in relation to the age-old traditions and legal codes which make up the customs of life in the forest and bush. The lack of crime, as we civilized people recognize it, in the Congo is not due to natural honesty or good will. There is no fantasy to their good behaviour but the stark realization and respect for tribal penalties which are extremely harsh. Each family is responsible to the next for any crime committed by one of its members. The punishment is often so cruel that it tends to reduce crime because the prospective criminal, even in the budding stage, is well aware that it's almost impossible to escape the consequences of any action he may contemplate.

The pigmy tribes are scattered everywhere in the Congo usually in wooded areas where it is easiest to hide. They are extremely cautious and suspicious, rarely let themselves be seen and it's almost impossible to approach them. They prove their superiority in hunting through trackless country where no ordinary savage would venture. They sleep on the bare earth, completely naked, except for a loin cloth which they make out of fibre, from the bark of trees, flayed by long and patient pounding. The pigmies sprout thick beards to give them the virile air which their short stature denies. They too practice polygamy. Having lots of wives is not necessarily proficient — just astonishing.

The Watussi giants, seldom less than 6 feet 6 inches, of the Ruanda-Urundi section are

RICHARD SHAW / CEDAR WATERS

TRI-STATE COUNTRY CLUB / JOHN BASHAM

strict vegetarians and thrive on a diet so low in calories that any white doctor would condemn as insufficient for survival. Yet they are expert dancers, fantastic leapers and never feel fatigue.

The Watussi are experienced cowherds but use only the milk and refuse to eat the meat even during periods of drought when starvation threatens. When their herds are attacked by lions at night the Watussi brave, naked and as black as the night itself, arms himself with a long flexible whip to put the lions to flight. They consider the cow as a sacred animal and the milk as their fount of life.

The Congo savage as a child is far from stupid. His mentality is much like that of a white child of the same age. The harm or deterioration of his mind somes later and is due chiefly to sexual excesses and the extraordinary love of intoxicating beverages. Yet prostitution does not exist among these savages. What little there is came with the arrival of Europeans and with it the birth of a sense of shame.

Although the Congo woman is nubile at a much earlier age than the male she prefers being the fifth wife of a wealthy man than the one and only wife of a handsome poor youth. Thus it is that the young man often receives a wife as his legacy when an old polygamist dies. Wealthy people all over the world enjoy displaying their riches. The savage shows the

BOB HARVEST/ (Club Gymnique De France)

"IT'S REALLY QUITE A PLEASURE TO HELP YOU DECORATE FOR OUR NEW SEASON, MISS WIGGLESWORTH!"

Dick Falcon/Free Sunshine Beach Club

proof of his wealth and importance in the tribe by the number of wives he has. Polygamy does not cause a decrease in their birth rate. In fact there is no connection between the females' capacity for reproduction and her marital conditions.

The savage compares a woman to an oil lamp. When she is new, she burns a little oil and gives a fine light. Then she becomes old, gives less light and consumes more and more oil. So as a woman grows older, she, like an oil lamp, becomes more expensive and less valuable and must be disposed of. Thus it is the savage will, if he can afford it, have more than one wife in order to have his hut well illuminated with the light of charm and beauty.

Women in the Congo are often unfaithful as women are all over the world. One such strumpet ran away from her man on six different occasions. When the husband approached her father and demanded a refund of what he had traded for her the father pointed to his naked daughter and said: "Look at her sagging breasts and wrinkled skin. I can't give her to anyone in marriage now. She is all used up!"

However after some argument and much bargaining he did return what the husband originally paid for her. But there was the small print to be considered. He had to take her back and whatever he received for the first female child she produced when sold as a bride the father-in-law was to get half.

And that is why the Belgian Congo is the last remaining Paradise on earth. If you don't believe that, there are enough deadly snakes to convince you and help you get there quickly!

Ile Du Levant - SERGE JACQUES

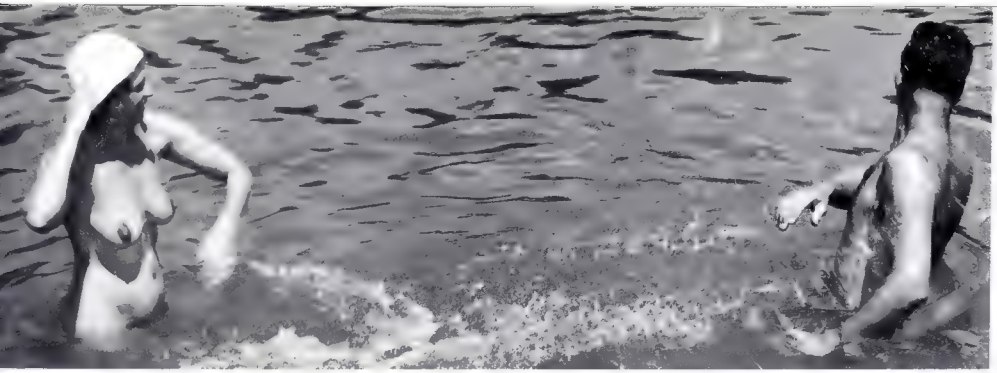
YOU TOO CAN AFFORD NUDISM...

by
Ruth E. Renkel

For some years now you've been dreaming of a *real* vacation, away from the cares and worries of your job, but every time you thought about it you came to the conclusion that you just couldn't afford it. You've always figured that your vacation pay was needed for mortgage payments, monthly household bills and what not. You felt that any vacation you took with your family would be so expensive that while you were on it you'd worry so much about whether or not your money was going to last that you wouldn't be able to relax. So, you told yourself, what good would such a vacation do?

The trouble is, you've thought of these things only when your vacation time drew near. If you want the ultimate in relaxation then you should take your family to a

JIM CAMERON



Buck's-Kin Lodge

FREE SUNSHINE BEACH CLUB

ZORO

BRUINS

nudist park where you can throw your worries, along with your clothes, to the winds. And you should start saving for it now.

"Save?" you say. "In times like these?" Yes, it can be done. An anonymous someone once said, "A man's purse will never be bare if he knows when to buy, to spend, and to spare."

Pinching pennies can be practiced all year long and the pennies saved will add up to a considerable amount. Saving money is easier when you have a definite set goal in mind. If you want to take your vacation during the winter months—as many people do—then one of the easiest ways to avoid the temptation of spending your vacation funds on something else is to put it into a Christmas Club. Most of us are familiar wih these clubs into which you put a bit of money each week and then you get what you have paid sometime in November. The beauty of these clubs is that you cannot draw the money out of the bank before that time when the checks are sent out. Once your money is in the club it stays in.

If, however, you prefer to take your vacation at some other time of the year then you'll just have to steel yourself against temptation some other way. One good idea might be to hang up a picture of what you are aiming at to remind you of your goal. Take one of the pictures you find in this magazine, for instance, and hang it someplace where you will see it every day. Carefree living in the healthful sunshine—that's your goal—now work toward it!

There are many financial advantages to vacationing in a nudist park. For one thing, you do not have to plan an expensive wardrobe as you might if you were vacationing in, say, New York City where you must dress better than you need to in a small town. In the metropolis you would be expected to tip everyone who serves you and it's difficult to find a sandwich for under 75c. So every time your children cried, "We're hungry!" you would tense up for another raid on your wallet. If you plan to take your family to a nudist park, however, you can learn ahead of time just what it is

going to cost you by answering an advertisement and asking for their family rates.

How do you go about pinching those pennies that are going to provide for your stay at the park? Well, here are a few suggestions:

Watch for the specials at your supermarket. Every big chain features different items each week in an effort to draw customers into the store. Sometimes certain foods are offered at reduced rates during the early part of the week when business is normally slack. So don't do your shopping all at once. Making two trips to the supermarket instead of one each week can result in definite savings. Buy fresh vegetables and fruits when they are in season and either freeze or can them for later on. Baked goods that are a day old are usually reduced in price. If the clerk drops a can of fruit cocktail and dents it the management will probably mark it down. Watch for these. If a can is dented *in*, it is safe to use. It is only when a can bulges *out* that the food is spoiled. And in these days of sanitary packaging that rarely happens.

Keep an eye on your utility bills. A dripping faucet or a running toilet can add dollars to your water bill, particularly if you have to pay a sewer tax. The habit of keeping your home lit up like a department store will add much to your electric bill. Keep a small light going in each room at night so you can see your way around but turn out the bright lights except where one is needed. If you heat with gas or oil, don't turn your thermostat down past 65 degrees during the night. If you do, it will take twice as much fuel to heat your home up again in the morning. Make your person-to-person long distance calls after 6:00 p.m. and on Sundays when they are cheaper.

Improve your driving habits. Driving smoothly at a lower rate of speed can lower your gasoline bills. Constant starting and stopping are what use up the fuel. If you're

JIM CAMERON OLIVE DELL RANCH

JIM CAMERON /Olive Dell

approaching a red light, slow down and perhaps you won't need to come to a full stop after all.

Buy your clothes when they are cheapest. The best time to buy a new winter coat, for instance, is just after Christmas when the stores are making way for their spring stock. If you need a summer suit, wait until after July 4th. Plan your wardrobe ahead so you never have to buy anything as an emergency measure right at the height of the season. Keep your eye out for soiled, washable items. They are usually marked down and tossing them into the washing machine is a simple matter.

Pay cash whenever you possibly can and thereby save the carrying charges. Using your credit occasionally is a good idea if you do it just enough to keep your credit in good standing. But using charge accounts all the time can add tens of dollars to your living expenses easily. If you pay cash you can put the money saved into your vacation fund instead.

Do it yourself if you can. In a family where there are a number of children, especially boys, considerable can be saved if one parent or the other will learn to cut their hair. This isn't as difficult as it sounds because of the easy-to-use haircutting kits now on the market. You might even be able to get one of them with saving stamps. The ideal American husband is a handy-man around the house. But he should be sure he knows what he is doing. No attempting to fix the TV set if he doesn't know beans

THE BRUINS

Zoro Nature Park

about electronics. Some newspapers carry advice columns on how to fix things up around the house. Or you can make inquiries at your hardware store or lumber company.

Make it do. In any home where there are active children there should be a sewing machine for repairing seams in clothing. A dress or pair of pants that are coming apart cannot be safely worn until they are mended — not by hand but by machine. Clothing can be dyed to add fresh color and prolonged wear. Furniture can be refinished for continued use. Leftovers, combined with a little imagination, can mean another appetizing meal at no extra cost.

Consider the possibility of making your hobby pay off. If you like to raise African violets, do needlepoint, make jewelry boxes, save old coins, or tune-up automobile engines, perhaps you can find a market for your wares or services instead of giving them all away.

These are just a few of the ways in which you can save and accumulate money. And every time you do so those extra pennies should be set aside for that nudist vacation of which you have dreamed about. By donning your thinking cap you can probably

think of a few more ideas for everyone has his pet extravagances and his pet economies. Perhaps you could discontinue your book club membership and borrow books from the public library instead. Or you can make postcards do instead of airmail letters. As the saying goes, "He who saves in little things can be liberal in great ones."

Vacationing in a nudist park is a great idea. So save those pennies where you can to fulfill your heart's desire and then spend as much time as you can completely relaxed, completely free from cares by investing in a nudist park vacation where the congeniality is invaluable and free. *

PARK DIRECTORY

The American Sunbathing Association

Like to visit a nudist resort? It isn't difficult to arrange. Just write to the club nearest your home, enclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope for reply. Give some information about yourself and your family, if married, and mention any previous experience in nudism, if any. Allow a reasonable period for reply.

REGIONAL OFFICES

ECSA — Eastern Canadian Sunbathing Association P.O. Box 789, Adelaide St. Station, Toronto, Ontario, Canada

WCSA — Western Canadian Sunbathing Association, Box 766, Vancouver, B.C., Canada

ESA — Eastern Sunbathing Association, 1478 Fairmont Street, Clearwater, Florida

MSA — Midwest Sunbathing Association 1018 Porter Street, Lansing 6, Michigan

NSA — Northwest Sunbathing Association, Rt. 1, Box 518, Port Orchard, Washington

WSA — Western Sunbathing Association, P.O. Box 504, Hollywood 28, California

ASA CHARTER CLUBS

ALASKA — NSA

Auroratens.....P.O. Box 1394, Anchorage

ARIZONA — WSA

Shangri-La Guest Ranch.....Box 324, Black Canyon Stage, Phoenix

CALIFORNIA — WSA

Acacia Club.....6226 Metro Ste., Los Angeles 55
Air-A-Tans.....P.O. Box 9321, Long Beach 10
Calyptus Grove.....P.O. Box 26, Clovis
Laguna del Sol.....P.O. Box 2224, Sacramento
Lupin Lodge.....20600 Aldercroft Hts. Rd., Los Gatos
Natural Life Foundation.....Box 22 2, Corona
Oakleaf Ranch.....Box 48, Wilton
Olive Dell Ranch.....Rt. 1, Box 393, Colton
Olympians.....P.O. Box 2 97, Lakewood
Pacificans.....P.O. Box 375, Burbank
Senrobles, Inc.....P.O. Box 1153, Oakland 4
Sequoians, Inc.....P.O. Box 2011, Castro Valley
Sundial Club.....P.O. Box 26002, Los Angeles 26
Sun Island..1631 Harbison Canyon Rd., El Cajon
Wee Bear Club .....Box 88, Santee

CANADA — ECSA

East Haven Information Center.....P.O. Box 1535 Place d'Armes, Montreal 1, Quebec
London Sun Club.....RR 1, Belmont, Ontario
The Maritans.....Box 50, Bristol, N.B.
Norhaven . . 324 Highland Rd., North Bay, Ontario
Olympus.....P.O. Box 989, Dunville, Ontario
Silvasun: Mail Address P.O. Box 743, Sta. "B" Ottawa, Ontario
Sunny Glades.....RR 1, Chatham, Ontario
Toronto Gymnosophical Society.. P.O. Box 533, Adelaide St. Sta., Toronto, Ontario

CANADA — WCSA

Sol Santo .....Box 473, Victoria, B.C.
Sunny Chinooks.....P.O. Box 133, Calgary, Alta.
Van Tans.....Box 423, Sta. "A", Vancouver, B.C.

COLORADO — MSA

Lazy Bear Ranch.....Box 206, Kremmling
Mt. Air Ranch.....P.O. Box 808, Littleton

CONNECTICUT — ESA

Solair Recreation League — (see Mass.)

FLORIDA — ESA

Chin-Ka-Pin Ranch...P.O. Box 2271, Jacksonville 3
Lake Como.....Box 2396, Tampa 1
Sunny Palms Lodge .....Rt. 1, Box 19, Homestead

GEORGIA

Sunair Health Club.....Box 475, Augusta

IDAHO — NSA

Paradise Valley.....P.O. Box 422, Boise

ILLINOIS — MSA

Paradise Park .....346 SE Garfield Ave., Mundelein

INDIANA — MSA

Fern Hills Club .....RR 5, Bloomington
Sunny Haven Recreation Park 11419 Anderson Rd., Granger

KANSAS — MSA

Sandy Lane Club, Inc.....P.O. Box 70, Newton
Sycamore Hollow.....Rt. 4, Box 226, Lawrence

LOUISIANA — ESA

La Pines Ranch.....P.O. Box 8362, New Orleans 22

MAINE — ESA

Hilltop Farms Sun Club.....Colton Rd. RD 1, Gray

MARYLAND — ESA

Pen-Mar Club.....Box 452, Cumberland
Pine Tree Assoc.....P.O. Box 157, Crownsville

MASSACHUSETTS — ESA

Birch Acres.....Box 7, Hancock
Sandy Terraces, Assoc.....P.O. Box 835, Hyannis
Solair Recreation Lge.....P.O. Box 90, Southbridge
Stoney Acres.....P.O. Box 222, New Bedford

MICHIGAN — MSA

Forest Hills.....P.O. Box 105, Saranac
Sunny Glades, Detroit area (Canada)
Sunshine Gardens.....RR 6, Box 1220, Battle Creek

MINNESOTA — MSA

Avatans Inc.....P.O. Box 309, Minneapolis 40
Oakwood Club.....Box 6145, Minneapolis 24

MISSOURI — MSA

Forty Acre Club.....P.O. Box 9127 Richmond Heights Sta., St. Louis 17

NEW HAMPSHIRE — ESA

Sherwood Forest Club.....RFD #1, Durham

NEW JERSEY — ESA

Camp Goodland.....Box 62, Hackettstown
Pine Forest.....Box 278, Mays Landing
Sunny Heights Lodge.....Box 174, Clarksburg
Stonehenge.....c/o Box "A", Mays Landing, N.J.

NEW YORK — ESA

Birch Acres (see Mass.)
Empire Haven.....Moravia
NyPenns.....P.O. Box 654, Binghamton
Stonehenge .....c/o Box "A", Mays Landing, N.J.

OHIO — MSA

Alpine Lodge.....P.O. Box 233, Elyria
Buckeye Health, (ESA).....P.O. Box 84, Millersburg
Green Valley Outing.....c/o Box "A" Mays Landing, N.J.
Sunshower Country Club Box 12, N. Dayton Sta., Dayton

OREGON — NSA

Pioneer Trail Assoc.....Box 452, Pendleton
Restful Haven Health.....Box 1147, Portland
Siskiyou Fraternity.....Box 1241, Medford
Squaw Mt. Ranch.....Box 924, Portland
White Oak Lodge.....Box 1085, Medford
Willamettans, Inc.....P.O. Box 1054, Eugene

OKLAHOMA — MSA

Tanokie Club.....P.O. Box 554, Tulsa

PENNSYLVANIA — ESA

Halcyon Outdoor Club.....RD #1, Evans City
Pen-Mar Club (see Maryland)
Penn-Sylvan Health.....RD 2, Box 305, Mohnton
Sunny Rest Lodge.....Rt. 1, Palmerton
White Thorn.....P.O. Box 88, Rochester

TENNESSEE — MSA

Woodell Club.....c/o Box A, Mays Landing, N.J.

TEXAS — MSA

Sahnoans.....P.O. Box 4261, Austin

VERMONT — ESA

Forest City Lodge.....P.O. Box 750, St. Albans

VIRGINIA — ESA

Jasmine Acres.....P.O. Box 5564, Norfolk 16

WASHINGTON — NSA

Cobblestone Suntanners .....2423 E. 30th, Bremerton
Forest Murmurs.....Rt. 1, Box 341, Silverdale
Frat. Snoqualmie.....Box 985, Seattle 11
Lake Assoc.....Box 7306 Bitter Lake Sta., Seattle 33
Pioneer Trail (see Oregon)
Sunset Ranch.....Rt. 4, Box 414B, Olympia
Sunshine Country Club.....P.O. Box 7024, Spokane
Sunway Society.....Box 5003, Spokane 17

WEST VIRGINIA — ESA

Wevatan Club.....P.O. Box 2305, Charleston 28

WISCONSIN — MSA

Running Bares.....Rt. 4, Box 78, Burlington

NUMBERED CLUBS FORMING

Address By "#" c/o Box A, Mays Landing, N.J.

Alaska 535 . . . Fairbanks
Canada 536C . . . Saskatoon, Sask.
572C . . . Moosejaw, Regina
Iowa 528 . . . Central Iowa
Mexico 470 . . . Mexico City
549 . . . Northern Sonora
Montana 508 . . . Billings
531 . . . Great Falls
New York 567 . . . Capitol District New York State
571 . . . Albany, Schenectady and Rensselaer Cos.
Oregon 575 . . . NW Oregon & SW Wash.
Pennsylvania 561 . . . S.W. Penn., W. Virginia Southeast Ohio

INFORMATION

The ASA OFFICE at Mays Landing DOES NOT ISSUE MEMBERSHIPS. ASA MEMBERSHIP is obtained through a club or Regional office. ASA Membership is $6. per year plus regional dues. When contacting any of the above clubs, PLEASE, enclose a stamped addressed envelope for reply. Give information on marital status and experience in nudism, if any.

ASA ASSOCIATE MEMBERSHIP: If you live 100 miles or more from a club ASA Membership may be obtained through your regional office.

GOLDEN STATES SUNBATHING ASSOCIATION

P.O. Box 264
Elsinore, California

McConville P.O. Box 477, Elsinore, Calif.
Oakdale Guest Ranch 17809 Glen Helen Rd., San Bernardino, Calif.
Samagatuma Club Rt. 1, Box 452, Ramona, Calif.
Sycamore Valley Ranch P.O. Box 42, Elsinore, Calif.

NATIONAL NUDIST COUNCIL

California

CALIFORNIA SOLAR BARES (c)
Box 47845, Wagner Sta.
Los Angeles 47, California

SAMAGATUMA CLUB (c-s)
P.O. Box 4011, North Park Sta.
San Diego 4, California

Florida

"SPARTANS" OF TROPICAL GARDENS (c-s)
P.O. Box 324
No. Miami Beach, Florida

SUNNY SANDS (c-s)
P.O. Box 68
Daytona Beach, Florida

Illinois

WOODLAND ACRES (c-s)
R.R. 1, Box 77C
Geneseo, Illinois

Indiana

SUNSHOWER CLUB (c)
P.O. Box 536, Friends Sta.
Richmond, Indiana

ZORO NATURE PARK (c-s-m)
Box 153
Roselawn, Indiana

Michigan

SILVER HILL CLUB (c-s-m)
Rt. 1, Box 127
Mears, Michigan

SHAGBARK HOLLOW PARK (c)
Rt. 1, Box 388
Clinton, Michigan
WHISPERING OAKS (c)
P.O. Box 42
Oxford, Michigan

Missouri

HICKORY HOLLOW SUN CLUB (c)
P.O. Box 2131, Sta. A
Joplin, Missouri

New Jersey

AMERICAN GYMNOSOPHICAL ASSN. (c-s-m-)
P.O. Box 112
Newfoundland, New Jersey
NATIONAL SUNAIR LEAGUE (c-s-m-)
Sunshine Park
Mays Landing, New Jersey

New Mexico

YUCCA NATURIST CLUB (c)
P.O. Box 6052, Sta. B
Albuquerque, New Mexico

New York

NYPENNS (c-s)
P.O. Box 654
Binghamton, New York
PINE LODGE (c-s)
P.O. Box 412
Naples, New York

Ohio

BLUE JAY FARM (c)
Box 4074
Cleveland 23, Ohio
SUNSET HEALTH LODGE (c)
P.O. Box 292
Niles, Ohio
SUNSHOWER CLUB (c)
P.O. Box 12, No. Dayton Sta.
Dayton 4, Ohio
THE BRUINS (c-s)
R.B. 229
Whitehouse, Ohio
(Adjacent to Toledo)

Pennsylvania

HALCYON OUTDOOR CLUB (c-s)
R.F.D. 1
Evans City, Pennsylvania
OAK-LAND PARK (c)
Box 211
Susquehanna, Pennsylvania
TALL OAKS CLUB (c-s)
R.D. 2
Denver, Pennsylvania

Texas

SUNRANGERS (c-s-m)
Box 65
Grand Prairie, Texas

Virginia

BUCKSKIN LODGE (c-s-m)
Box 383
Winchester, Virginia

Wisconsin

VALLEYVIEW CUB (c)
Rt. 1
Cambridge, Wisconsin
THE FOUR BARES (c)
P.O. Box 3523
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Canada

LAKESUN CLUB (c-s)
Box 44
Kingston, Ontario

NEW GROUPS FORMING

How to contact a new club in your vicinity:
1. Write a letter stating interest and giving some information concerning yourself 2. Place your letter in a stamped envelope. Do not address or seal this envelope. 3. Inside the flap of this envelope write the number of the club that you wish to contact. 4. Address an envelope to yourself and stamp it. 5. Mail both envelopes and your letter in a large envelope to National Nudist Council, R-B-229, Whitehouse, Ohio.

At our office your letter will be read. If it is proper in every respect, it will be promptly forwarded to the club which you have selected, as a service of NNC to you and to our new club.

California
373 — Arcata & Humboldt Cos.

Florida
557 — Dade, Broward & Palm Beach Cos.
572 — Brevard, Orange & Seminole Cos.

Georgia
545 — City of Atlanta, Fulton & Gwinnel Cos.

Indiana
553 — Huntington County

Kansas
536 — Andersan, Allen, Coffey & Woodson Cos.

Maine
562 — Lincoln, Knox, Waldo & Penobscot Cos.

Maryland
573 — Washington, Baltimore & Hagerstown areas

Michigan
569 — Flint, Pontiac & LaPeer areas

Mississippi
517 — South Mississippi & No. Louisiana

Missouri
558 — Texas County

New Jersey
527 — Jersey City, Hudson, Essex & Union Cos.*

New York
538 — Central state
571 — Niagara, Wayne, Monroe & Orleans Cos.

No. Carolina
475 — Salisbury, Rowan, Davie & Cabarrus Cos

Ohio
570 — Southwestern Ohio
533 — Cities of Cleveland, Akron & Canton
577 — Medina, Cuyahoga & Summit Cos.

Pennsylvania
575 — Southwestern Pa. & Northern W. Va.
549 — Crawford & Mercer Cos.

Wisconsin
576 — Adams & surrounding Counties

Hawaii
Honolulu (Island of Oahu)

Canada
568 — Toronto area

*Indicates negro group

CENTRAL SUNBATHING ASSOCIATION

6200 West 95th Street,
Oak Lawn, Illinois

Zoro Nature Park, Box 153, Roselawn, Ind.
Hidden Valley, 346 S. E. Garfield Ave., Mundelein, Illinois
The Spartans, P.O. Box 204, Opa Locka, Fla.
Tri-State Country Club, P.O. Box 39112, Cincinnati, Ohio 45239
Wood-Land Acres, RR 1, Box 77C, Geneseo, Illinois
The Running Bares, Rt. 4, Box 78, Burlington, Wisconsin
Sunshine Beach Club, 119 Allison Court, Tampa 3, Florida
Silver Hills, RR 1, Box 127, Mears, Michigan
San-Ridge, P.O. Box 65, Roselawn, Indiana
Echo Valley, Rt. 2, Box 131A, Tonganoxie, Kansas 66086

AMERICAN HEALTH ALLIANCE

Box 278, Mays Landing, N.J.

Blue J Farm — Box 4074, Cleveland 23, Ohio
Eden West — P.O. Box 38, Pescadero, Calif.
Hilltop Farms Sun Club — Colton Road, Gray Maine
Paradise Acres — Box 500, Batavia, N.Y.
Box 91, Falconer, N.Y.
Paradise Valley Club — 1707 Division Ave., Boise, Idaho 83706
Pine Forest Club — Somers Point Rd.—559 Mays Landing, N.J.
Sahnoans — P.O. Box 4261, Austin 51. Texas
Shagbark Hollow Park — P.O. Box 388, Clinton, Michigan 49236
Sunshine Forest Club — P.O. Box 7069, Spokane Washington 99209
Tri-State Country Club — P.O. Box 39112 Cincinnati, Ohio 45239
NyPenns — P.O. Box 654, Binghamton

EASTERN SUNBATHING ASSOCIATION

CANADA — ECSA

Cedarwood Naturist Soc. Box 1198, Hanover, Ont.
East Haven Information Center, P.O. Box 1535 Place d' Armes, Belmont 1, Que.
London Sun Club — RR 1, Belmont, Ontario
Maritans — Box 50, Bristol N.B.
Olympus — P.O. Box 989, Dunville, Ont.
Silva Sun — P.O. Box 473, Sta. B, Ottawa, Ont.
Sunny Glades — RR #3, Bothwell, Ontario
Toronto Gymnosophical Soc. — P.O. Box 533, Adelaide St. Sta., Toronto, Ontario

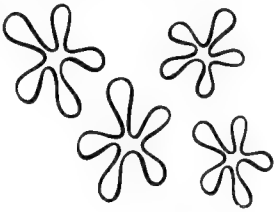
NON-AFFILIATED GROUPS

SUN VALLEY GARDENS NATURE PARK . . .
RR 3, MS - Fenwick, Ontario

MOROCCO RIVIERA, Morocco, Indiana

LAKE O' THE WOODS CLUB . . . . .
P. O. Box 53-M, Valparaiso, Indiana . .

HILLTOP HAVEN CLUB . . . . .
Box 277, Mooresville, Indiana . . .



LYLE MARSH • THE SWALLOWS

FREE SUNSHINE BEACH CLUB

PRINCIPLES AND STANDARDS

Our goal is the healthy mind in the healthy body. This is not only a creed but a way of life. Sun, light and air are vital conditions of human well-being. We believe these elements are insufficiently used in present-day life, to the detriment of physical and moral health. For the purpose of health and recreation and for the conditioning of man to his world we offer *a new social practice*, based on the known wholesome value of exposure to these elements and in the spirit of naturalness, cheerfulness, and cleanness of body and mind that they symbolize. We aim to make the fullest possible use of sun, light and air by a program of exercise and life in the open in such a way as will result in the maximum physical and mental benefit.

We believe in the essential wholesomeness of the human body, and all its functions. We therefore regard the body neither as an object of shame nor as a subject for levity or erotic exploitation. Any attitude or behavior inconsistent with this view is contrary to the whole spirit of the society and has no place among us.

The practice of our physical culture tends toward simplicity and integrity in all ways. We counsel for our members the sane and hygienic life. We reserve the right to impose abstinence from stimulants and intoxicants at our meetings and on our grounds.

We invite to our membership persons of character of all ages and both sexes. Our purposes are not exclusively physical or cultural or esthetic but rather a normal union of all these. We make no tests of politics, religion or opinion provided that these are so held as not to obscure the purposes of the Movement. It is intended that the Movement shall be representative of the whole social order.

WHAT WE BELIEVE

We believe in the essential wholesomeness of the human body and all its functions.

We believe in inculcating in all persons a desire to improve and perfect the body by natural living in the out-of-doors.

We believe that sunshine and fresh air in immediate contact with the entire body are basic factors in maintaining radiant health and happiness.

We believe in creating beauty in all things and therefore encourage men and women by daily care and culture to create for themselves the body beautiful.

We believe that the health of the nation will be immeasurably advanced through the wide acceptance of the principles and standards advocated by the American Sunbathing Association.

We believe that presentation of the male and female figures in their entirety and completeness needs no apology or defense and that only in such an attitude of mind can we find true modesty.

SAMAGATUMA

Jim Cameron/Olive Dell

Lee Edmunds/Oakdale

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